

must take me vp for swearing, as if I borrowed mine oathes of him, and might not spend them at my pleasure.

1. What got he by that? you haue broke his pate with your Bowle.

2. If his wit had bin like him that broke it: it would haue run all out.

Clot. When a Gentleman is dispos'd to swear: it is not for any standers by to curtail his oathes. Ha?

2. No my Lord; nor crop the eares of them.

Clot. Whorson dog: I gaue him satisfaction? would he had bin one of my Rank.

2. To haue smell'd like a Foole.

Clot. I am not vext more at any thing in th'earth: a pox on't, I had rather not be so Noble as I am: they dare not fight with me, because of the Queene my Mother: euery lacke-Slaue hath his belly full of Fighting, and I must go vp and downe like a Cock, that no body can match.

2. You are Cocke and Capon too, and you crow Cock, with your combe on.

Clot. Sayest thou?

2. It is not fit you Lordship should vnder take euery Companion, that you giue offence too.

Clot. No, I know that: but it is fit I should commit offence to my inferiors.

2. It is fit for your Lordship onely.

Clot. Why so I say.

1. Did you heere of a Stranger that's come to Court night?

Clot. A Stranger, and I not know on't?

2. He's a strange Fellow himselfe, and knowes it not.

1. There's an Italian come, and 'tis thought one of *Leonatus* Friends.

Clot. *Leonatus*? A banisht Rascall; and he's another, whatsoeuer he be. Who told you of this Stranger?

1. One of your Lordships Pages.

Clot. Is it fit I went to looke vpon him? Is there no derogation in't?

2. You cannot derogate my Lord.

Clot. Not easily I thinke.

2. You are a Foole gaunted, therefore your Issues being foolish do not derogate.

Clot. Come, Ile go see this Italian: what I haue lost to day at Bowles, Ile winne to night of him. Come: go.

2. Ile attend your Lordship. *Exit.*

That such a craftie Diuell as is his Mother Should yeild the world this Affe: A woman, that Beares all downe with her Braine, and this her Sonne, Cannot take two from twenty for his heart, And leaue eightene. Alas poore Princeesse, Thou diuine *Imogen*, what thou endurst, Betwixt a Father by thy Step-dame govern'd, A Mother hourly coynning plots: A Wooer, More hatefull then the foule expulsion is Of thy deere Husband. Then that horrid Act Of the diuorce, hee'd make the Heauens hold firme The walls of thy deere Honour. Keepe vntak'd That Temple thy faire mind, that thou maist stand Teney thy banisht Lord, and this great Land. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Imogen in her Bed, and a Lady.

Imo. Who's there? My woman: *Helene*?

La. Please you Madam.

Imo. What house is it?

Lady. Almost midnight, Madam.

Imo. I haue read three houres then:

Mine eyes are weake,
Fold downe the leafe where I haue left: to bed,
Take not away the Taper, leaue it burning:
And if thou canst awake by foure o'clock,
I prythee call me: Sleepe hath seiz'd me wholly.
To your protection I commend me, Gods,
From Fayries, and the Tempters of the night,
Guard me beseech yee.

Sleeper. *Imogen from the Truncke.*

Imo. The Crickets sing, and mans ore-labor'd sense

Repaires it selfe by rest: Our *Tarquine* thus

Did softly presse the Rushes, ere he wak'd

The Chastitie he wounded. *Cythera*,

How brauely thou becom'st thy Bed; fresh Lilly,

And whiter then the Sheetes: that I might touch,

But kisse, one kisse. Rubies vnparagon'd,

How deere they doo't: 'Tis her breathing that

Perfumes the Chamber thus: the Flame o'th Taper

Bowes toward her, and would vnder-peepe her lids,

To see th'inclosed Lights, now Caspi'd

Vnder these windowes, White and Azure lac'd

With Biew of Heauens owne tinct. But my designe

To note the Chamber, I will write all downe,

Such, and such pictures: There the window, such

Th'adornement of her Bed; the Arras, Figures,

Why such, and such: and the Contents o'th Story.

Ah, but some naturall notes about her Body,

Above ten thousand meaner Moueables

Would testifie, & enrich mine Inuentorie.

O sleepe, thou Ape of death, lye dull vpon her,

And be her Sense but as a Monument,

Thus in a Chappell lying. Come off, come off;

As slippery as the Gordian-knot was hard.

'Tis mine, and this will witnesse outwardly,

As strongly as the Conscience do's within:

To'th madding of her Lord. On her left breast

Amole Cinque-spotted: Like the Crimson drops

I'th bottome of a Cowslippe. Heere's a Voucher,

Stronger then euery Law could make; this Secret

Will force him thinke I haue pick'd the lock, and eane

The treasure of her Honour. No more: to what end?

Why should I write this downe, that's siuete,

Screw'd to my memorie. She hath bin reading late,

The Tale of *Tereus*, heere the leaffe's turn'd downe

Where *Philomela* gaue vp. I haue enough,

To'th Truncke againe, and shut the spring of it.

Swift, swift, you Dragons of the night, that dawning

May beare the Rauens eye: I lodge in feare,

Though this a heauenly Angell: hell is heere.

Clocke strikes.

One, two, three: time, time. *Exit.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Cloten, and Lords.

1. Your Lordship is the most patient man in losse, the most coldest that euer turn'd vp Ace.

Clot. It would make any man cold to losse.

1. But not euery man patient after the noble temper of your Lordship; You are most hot, and furious when you winne.

Clot.

Winning will put any man into courage: if I could get this foolish *Imogen*, I should haue Gold enough: it's almost morning, is't not?

1. Day, my Lord.

Clot. I would this Musicke would come: I am aduised to giue her Musicke a mornings, they say it will penetrate.

Enter Musicians.

Come on, tune: If you can penetrate her with your fingering, so: wee'll try with tongue too: if none will do, let her remaine: but Ile neuer giue o're. First, a very excellent good conceyted thing; after a wonderful sweet aire, with admirable rich words to it, and then let her consider.

SONG.

Hearke, hearke, the Larks at Heauens gate sing;

and Phoebus gins arise,

His Steeds to water at these Springs

on chalic'd Flowres that lyes:

And winking Mary-buds begin to ope their Golden eyes

With euery thing that pretty is, my Lady sweet arise:

Arise, arise.

So, get you gone: if this pen trate, I will consider your Musicke the better: if it do not, it is a voyce in her eares which Horse-haires, and Calues-guts, nor the voyce of vnpaup'd Eunuch to boot, can neuer amed.

Enter Cymbeline, and Queene.

2. Heere comes the King.

Clot. I am glad I was vp so late, for that's the reason I was vp so early: he cannot choose but take this Seruice I haue done, fatherly. Good morrow to your Majesty, and to my gracious Mother.

Cym. Attend you here the doore of our stern daughter Will she not forth?

Clot. I haue assay'd her with Musickes, but she vouchsafes no notice.

Cym. The Exile of her Minion is too new, She hath not yet forgot him, some more time Must weare the print of his remembrance on't, And then she's yours.

Qu. You are most bound to'th King,

Who let's go by no vantages, that may Preferre you to his daughter: Frame your selfe To orderly solicity, and be friended

With aptnesse of the season: make denials Encrease your Seruices: so seeme, as if

You were inspir'd to do those duties which You tender to her: that you in all obey her,

Save when command to your dismission tends, And therein you are senselesse.

Clot. Senselesse? Not so.

Mef. So like you (Sir) Ambassadors from Rome; The one is *Caius Lucius*.

Cym. A worthy Fellow,

Albeit he comes on angry purpose now; But that's no fault of his: we must receyue him

According to the Honor of his Sender,

And towards himselfe, his goodnesse fore-spent on vs

We must extend our notice: Our deere Sonne,

When you haue giuen good morning to your Mistis,

Attend the Queene, and vs, we shall haue neede

To employ you towards this Romane. *Exeunt.*

Clot. If she be vp, Ile speake with her: if not

Let her lye still, and dreame: by your leaue hoa,

I know her women are about her: what

If I do line one of the

Which buyes admitt

Diana's Rangers fall

Their Deere to'th sta

Which makes the T

Nay, sometime hang

Can it not do, and v

One of her women L

I yet not vnderstand

By your leaue.

En

La. Who's there

Clot. A Gentlema

La. No more.

Clot. Yes, and a G

La. That's mere

Then some whose Tay

Can iustly boast of: w

Clot. Your Ladies

La. I, to keepe he

Clot. There is Go

Sell me your good rep

La. How my goo

What I shall thinke is

En

Clot. Good morro

Imo. Good morro

For purchasing but tr

Is telling you that I ar

And scarce can spare th

Clot. Still I weare

Imo. If you but fai

If you swear still, you

That I regard it not.

Clot. This is no an

Imo. But that you

I would not speake. I

I shall vnfold equall d

To your best kindest

She u'd learne (being

Clot. To leaue you

I will not.

Imo. Fooies are no

Clot. Do you call m

Imo. As I am mad

If you'll be patient, Ile

That cures vs both. I

You put me to forget

By being so verball: a

That I which know m

By th'very truth of it,

And am so neere the la

To accuse my selfe, I h

You felt, then make't r

Clot. You sinne ag

Obedience, which yo

The Contra't you pre

One, bred of Almes, ar

With scraps o'th Court

And though it be allow

(Yet who then he mor

(On whom there is no

But Brats and Beggery

Yet you are curb'd fro